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A LOVER'S ROSARY



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BY

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Captain, U. S. Army

"Omnia Vincit Amor"



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CONSECRATION

THESE beads of rhyme, though rough and poor they
be,—

Lack-luster, glimm'ring by reflected beam,
Unworthy minstrels to exalted theme,
Ill-strung on thread ill-twisted clumsily,—
Are, yet, the first-fruits of my love for thee.
Take them, divine one, take them, thou God's dream
Incarnate in sweet womanhood, nor deem
Them all unfit to be Love's rosary.

Giver of joy that slayeth fear and pain,
Dear tender sovereign of my life and fate,
Stoop from thy throne in my heart's shrine, and deign
To let thy gentle soul inviolate
Hearken unto my kneeling soul's refrain—
That soul to thee I humbly consecrate.

A LOVER'S BEADS

UPON a filament of love I string
A lover's loving thoughts, then bid them cling
About one woman's heart, thus girdled 'round
By thread of silence strung with beads of sound.

THE PRELUDE

THIS is the story of my love for thee
From that dear moment when my rev'rent eyes,
Wond'ring, beheld thee, and a glad surprise
(I know it now: it is borne home to me;
But then I sensed it only dreamily)
That I my dream-god now might idolize,
My angel sent in pity from kind skies
To make me live my life more worthily,

Stole softly through the body's fleshly sheath
Into the man's soul waiting underneath
For some sure pledge of immortality.
It came: great love shall conquer time and death,
And loving lips that breathe farewell to breath
Shall whisper password to eternity.

AFFINITY

ALIKE in force, in key, in spirit-tone,
Two atoms, flung afar in trackless space,
Outstrip the light-lance by the Sun-God thrown—
And love-drawn souls at last meet face to face.

THE MEETING

WHEN first we met I did not understand,
I did not fully know what thou wouldst be
When love's sure knowledge came at last to me:
Yet, in that instant when I touched thy hand,
From out the past some subtile, unseen strand
Wherewith I once had been fast bound to thee
Tightened about my heart right suddenly,
And premonition's bridge the future spann'd.

Prescience or intuition? This I knew,—
Strangely, yet surely,—that thy path and mine
Had touched, would touch again, would intertwine,
Merging, perchance, in one. I held the clue
Of joys long dead, of joys to bloom anew—
Held it, but knew not that I held Fate's sign.

PREMONITION

THERE are moments when each human soul hath
listened

For a voice in the deep sea of silence drowned;
And some coming thought, by spoken word unchristened,
Hath passed o'er it as the shadow of a sound.

THE FIRST PARTING

I WENT from out thy presence back to life
And common things of life and ev'ry day,
Half-forced, half-willing humbly to obey
The swift thought-current, which, with mem'ries rife,
My soul reft from its peace to days of strife,
Whirled it o'er pools of pain, deeps of dismay,
Foamed through the darkened past, the future gray,
And bore me ever nearer thee—my wife!

So the prophetic fingers of the past
Strayed o'er the keys of long-forgotten days,
Evoking melodies my heart half knew
In some vague fashion, but could not hold fast—
Like faint and far-off notes heard through a maze
Of other sounds—who knows if false or true?

LOVE-FEAR

THE fear of God? Nay; 'tis a little fear:
The strong soul dreads not wrath, and looks above
The sword to its desire. Ah! far more drear
The fear that goeth hand-in-hand with love.

THE INTERLUDE

LONG time I quelled the craving of my heart,—
Heart-hungered by the sweet allurements of thee,—
Long fought love's madness and for sanity,
For duty, for ambition, for the part
I longed to play in life. Ay, from the start,
I sought to break the spell of destiny
That drowned my will and wishes like a sea—
O fool, to match man's mind against Love's art!

So, at the first, I feared thee, feared thy power;—
I, with the nomad's dread of curb or chain;—
For I was free,—no passion snared my will,—
And knew that when Love came his mingled dower
Would be close-fettered ecstasy and pain,
His mandate to wild life-waves, "Peace, be still!"

FATE

PAIRED, torn apart by cataclysmic change,
Whirled to the ends of space; naught can estrange
The twinned souls harking back, love-bound, yet free;
For Lord Love's other name is Destiny.

THE NEXT MEETING

AGAIN I saw thee, passing in a crowd
Of men and women. Gracious, sweet, serene,
Thy grace-crowned head erect, thine eyes' soft sheen
Ennobling where it fell. My manhood bowed
In homage to thee, rising, strong and proud,
To meet its queen, as, tense and clear and keen,
Swift knowledge smote me that, by ways unseen,
My love had come, and asked to be endowed

With life's love-broken bread and spirit's wine.
Thou didst not have to ask, dear: all was thine,
And waited but thy coming to give thee
Heart-adoration, soul-idolatry,
The worship that was thine when time was young,
That shall be thine when Love's last song is sung.

THE MOON-MAGNET

THE Ocean does obeisance to Night's Guest;
The tides, her face adoring, swell and swoon;
And love-tide leaping in a lover's breast
Floods 'neath the silvern silence of the moon.

THE WALK

AT last we walked together, thou and I,
Beneath soft benison of kindly moon;
And, to my fancy, the night seemed to swoon,
Enraptured of thee—earth and air and sky
Did homage. And thy lover's heart was nigh
The breaking-strain to tell thee (over soon,
O love?) how he of life asked just one boon—
The right to sing to thee love's lullaby.

Ay, 'midst the glamour and the witchery
Of that dear hour, I dared dream thou wouldst be
My very own, that some night I should keep
Close watch and ward o'er all thy beauty's charms,
Luring thee gently to dim shores of sleep
Within the cradle of my loving arms.

A LOVE-WORD

BY mother given when on loving breast,
Crooning, she rocked her baby to warm rest;
What sweeter sound to lover ever fares
Than the fond, childish name his love-queen bears?

MY LADY'S NAME

MINE own, I prayed once for a name for thee,
Fond, tender, scintillant with joy, heart-wrought
In glowing beauty on fair loom of thought;
A love-wove word, attuned to melody;
With fragrance fecund; keyed to harmony
Of wondrous color; sweet with sweetness caught
From all sweet sights and sounds; and breathing naught
But the hymned praise of my idolatry.

Ah! to the great Lord Love I made my prayer
For that dear word; and, lo! from out the gloom
I heard his wings fan in the silent room.
He touched my heart, then spoke: "The name is there."
"What is it, Love?" I asked. The answer came:—
The God sighed softly as he breathed thy name.

LOVE'S WOOING

THE Love-Lord to my Lady's heart laid siege,
By making full surrender of his own.
His gracious captor, now his sovereign liege,
Gaoled Love for life in her heart's cell, alone.

THE COURTSHIP

LOVE wooed thee for me. Dumb my secret lay,
Close-caverned in my heart—laired in the dark,
The night of silence. Even so the lark
Enshrines beneath warm breast-plumes' soft array
The potency of song, which shall obey
The wak'ning summons of the Dawn's first spark.
So my dumb heart obeyed its hierarch,
When night of silence blossomed to love's day

Beneath compelling glory of thy glance,
Which sought the deep-hid secret in its lair.
Then tongue and eyes—the heart's fond sycophants—
Clamored my adoration and my prayer
To sweet, white soul of thee who art to me
My life's high hope, my spirit's destiny.

LOVE-LIGHT

FAIR is the dawn's rose bloom in wak'ning skies,
Fair is the star-gleam when day fades afar;
But sweeter luminance than sun or star,
The tender love-light in one woman's eyes.

MY LADY'S EYES

CLEAR wells of liquid tenderness and light;
Seas for the soul to bathe in wond'ringly;
Pools of twin raptures where charmed Love may see
The simulacrum of himself, grown bright
In those fair mirrors. Oh! supreme delight,
To plunge my soul in loving ecstasy
Through thy sweet eyes into sweet depths of thee—
Deeply fragrant, soft and warm as summer night.

O Love, I love the casements of thy soul,
Whence thy soul's lamp's pure radiance flings its bar
Of love-light to me, and thy heart's sweet fire
Shines into my heart's dusk, illumines the scroll
Of life with glow of my life's avatar—
Born of an angel's love, a god's desire.

UNTOLD

ILLIMITABLE sands of love, each grain
A love-word subtly wrought of joy and pain;
But under Love's unfathomable sea
Elusive shift the sands for thee and me.

THE HEART'S HANDICAP

DEAR mine, I can but feed thee love's small grains:
I cannot tell thee all:—that may not be:—

The fondest secrets in Love's treasury
Lie in the inmost vaults, where silence reigns;
And Love, the keeper, to no lover deigns
To give the mystical, word-warded key
That can unlock the vast vocabulary
Of sequent soul-speech that Love's soul contains.

So, though I strive to mint each thought intense
Into fair coin of words, the impotence
Of language blurs the heart's idolatry;
And love's last secret will be secret still
Until the veil of flesh be rent, until
Thy soul to mine cries, "Open, Sesame."

LOVE'S SACRIFICE

THE savor of burnt-offering, the smoke
Of altar-fires since man first awoke
To life have risen to the gods above;
But Love doth sacrifice love's self to love.

ANTITHESIS

MY love for thee is holy, high and pure:
Its very pulse of fire is sacred flame,
White and uplifting, free from spark of shame,
Clean as the thoughts thy fond heart doth immure
In its sweet casket. And, of this be sure:
If love for thee called down the world's shrill blame,
And scorn and danger threatened name and fame,
I would but make the love-links more secure.

Ay! I can find the hot wish in my heart
That this life passion were a splendid sin,
A deathless crime, a soul's eternal bane
And bar to heav'n; for I would stand apart
From man and God thy soul to enter in,
And brand me for thy sake with mark of Cain.

VICARIOUS ATONEMENT

WHAT lover worthy of the sacred name
But would endure the stripes, the cross, the shame,
The pains of death and endless fire of hell,
To shield one soul not wisely loved, but well!

LOVE'S COMPROMISE

DEAR, I would suffer for thee. I would fain
Unto myself from thee all sorrows take,
The hurts that hurt the flesh, the spirit's ache.
With my heart's lips I'd suck from thy heart's vein
The venom of the poisoned fangs of pain.
Grief should not touch thee, though my heart should
break
With doubled torments,—sweet for thy sweet sake,—
Nor life endure the added torture's strain.

Ah! the wish may not be. Then let me share
Thy days of weariness, thy nights of care,
The anxious hour, the times when life goes wrong.
Into my willing heart let fall thy tears:
My heart shall redistill them through the years
Into some soothing sacrament of song.

A WOMAN'S LOVE

WHAT god shall sing the theme of this great song?
What angel play it with consummate art?
What lover pay, in life however long,
For the devotion of one woman's heart?

THE QUERY

WHY shouldst thou love me? What am I to thee,
Thou fair and fragrant flower of womanhood,
Thou sweet epitome of ev'ry good,
Thou apotheosis of ecstasy?
The radiance of thy love shines out of me
As from a jewel set in some black wood—
Thy heart in mine. Sweet Heart, hast understood?
Thou pearl encased in lusterless ebony!

I am so poor in all things save our love,—
So rich in that and thee,—so lacking of
Each attribute thy fancy to ensnare,
Such misfit for thy beauty ev'rywhere.
Once more:—Why dost thou love me? Dost thou know?
Dear, is it not because I love thee so?

LOVE-TROTH

UNSPONSORED by a vow or spoken word,
By mortal ear unnoted and unheard,
The pledge of passion speeds to the heart's goal;
Love's troth is writ in silence on the soul.

THE BETROTHAL

I LOVE to think we were betrothed that day
When thou, love-luring in thy loveliness,
Didst greet my eyes, and, soft as a caress,
Thy shy glance touched my face. I felt the sway
Of Fate's prophetic prelude to love's lay
Thrill through my being, then a vague distress
As my stirred spirit broke from life's duress
To seek and greet thine own. They met half-way!

Our souls' betrothal, dearest! After, came
Clasped hands, joined hearts, pledge of the sacred name.
Then,—thing of wonder and of mystery,
Dream-joy beyond fond hope's imagining!—
I was that vassal, bond and serf to thee,
Became thy heart-lord and thy love-crowned king.

LOVE'S MOUTH

AIR love-wrought portal whence escape love's sighs,
Carved, scarlet doorway of shy, tender speech,
Arched gate of laughter and caressing cries
That bid love-hungered lips meet each on each!

THE FIRST KISS

THOUGH I in life all other joys should miss,
Lo! I have had one moment gemmed with all
The gems of joy. O moment past recall
By God Himself! who cannot alter this
Undreamed of rapture, unimagined bliss,
When first I held my Lady's lips in thrall
'Neath mine own lips, and—at her Love-Lord's call—
Her mouth's bud blossomed into that first kiss.

My blood stood still that instant, then sped fast
Through glad, rejoicing veins to tell my heart--
Her panegyrist and encomiast—
How I from all men had been set apart
By her mouth's chrism; and each pulse, mad with pride,
Thrilled through the body her kiss deified.

TRUE LOVE

H DAWN of tender and uplifting light;
A fierce high-noon with dazzling splendor bright;
An aftermath of quiet joys' soft sheen;
A night wherein Hope's pole-star shines serene.

THE ANSWER

I.

HOW do I love thee? Even as a child
Loves the sweet mother on whose gentle breast
He seeks for pity, comfort, and the rest
Of warm, enfolding arms that soothe the wild,
Unmotivated fear that thrills him, till beguiled
By siren voice, by tender hands caressed,
Of life's sharp ache his heart is dispossessed
And he, in sleep, with life is reconciled.

How do I love thee? Even with the love
Of a true woman to whom love is all
Of life, not "thing apart," who holds above
Her honor him for whose sake, past recall,
She gave it freely, glorying that she
The louder sang in Love's antiphony.

THE ANSWER

II.

HOW do I love thee? Even as a man
Who shrines one woman in his heart's strong hold,
Adoring her,—her only,—uncontrolled
By any law save Love's, begetting plan
To shape his life to hers, to make fond span
Of interlacing arms their lives enfold
In deathless unity—twin souls enrolled
Upon Fate's love-writ scroll since time began.

How do I love thee? Even as God, who by
Disintegration of the infinite
Creates,—His death a birth-pang exquisite,—
And loves all life—Himself being all. So I,
Of God a part, love thee, wrought by His art
From out the most divine drop of His heart.

LOVE'S EUCHARIST

O GOD of Love, be Thou the celebrant
When lovers break thy wafer, drink thy cup!
Spread Thou the altar, let their spirits sup
On mystic bread and wine of thy romaunt.

THE MARRIAGE-FEAST

MY soul-wife, my one woman, we are one!
Come close: hearts may not live by bread alone.
Nay, but the soul lives in the light that shone
But now in thy dear eyes,—love's risen sun,—
And my soul dwells with thine till time be done.
Thou art my nuptial feast,—ay, by God's throne,
Bread of my life thou art!—thou, my heart's own,
My love-feast exquisite while life-sands run.

Lo! we are love-athirst. Love bids us drink,
And 'raptured lips seek the life-flagon's brink;
For by his necromancy Eros, King,
The thaumaturgist, the blind god divine,
Hath wrought a miracle—Oh, wondrous thing:
The water of dull life is love's red wine!

TOGETHER

TOGETHER! Heart to heart, and hand in hand!
Forgotten are the longing, the despair,
The empty arms, the yearning heart's demand.
Lord Love, this is thine answer to love's prayer.

THE HEART'S HOME

SUNLIGHT, and moonlight, and the stars' far sheen;
The mountains, placid river, restless sea;
The country's quiet, moving pageantry
Of city's life; the spring's flamboyant green,
The summer's glory, autumn's bloom, and keen
Etched frost-scapes marvelous: to thee and me
These beauties keyed to our love-symphony,
While high-rayed love-light sanctified each scene.

In that love-hallowed room we first called home;
Beneath blue arch of the eternal dome;
In sylvan silences, or crowded mart;
On throbbing steamer, or on pulsing car;—
My heart-home, dear, is wheresoe'er thou art,
Where thou, our love, and I together are.

SLEEP

LOVE watched the first two lovers till, their breath
By kisses smothered, they were prey to Death;
Then, as Night calms the fierce desire of Day,
Love ordained Sleep, lest too great joy should slay.

MY LADY SLEEPS

LOVE, Sleep and I watch in the firelight's glow.
Ah! I have waited all my life to see
This joy befall. Beat softly, heart, lest she,
Pillow'd so lightly on thee, hear the flow
Of thy proud, 'raptured tide. O heart, beat low,
Until Day cometh to rob Sleep and thee;
Then shalt thou wake her with mad reveille
Of drumming pulse, while Love and I bestow

Upon her sleep-kissed eyes, her sleep-sweet lips
Her lover's kiss, which shall end Sleep's eclipse
And bring her back to Life and Love and me.
But, hush! this is Sleep's hour; his tryst she keeps;
And I, her sentinel, watch lovingly
While, cradled in my arms, my Lady sleeps.

THE GIFT OF PITY

A WOMAN, heart-wrung, in the dawn of time,
Mourned o'er life's broken cup, love's death-spilt wine;
Till Pity touched her hot eyes, scorched with pain,
And quenched the fire with soothing tears' soft rain.

THE FIRST TEARS

O ANGEL-WOMAN, teach me to forget,
As Time unwinds the endless skein of years,
The heart-pang, barbed with sudden, jealous fears,
That stabbed me through when first thine eyes grew wet
With some dead sorrow, some unvoiced regret
From out the past, ere Love made us compeers.
Into my soul they fell, thy sweet, hot tears,
And burned so deep the white scars throb there yet.

I could not help thee;—that I knew full well;—
But all of life went swiftly out to thee
In one great wave of silent sympathy.
My heart ached 'neath thy bosom's troubled swell,
My dumb lips kissed the warm drops as they fell,
And dumbly strove to ease thine agony.

THE ROSES' BIRTH

ONCE Love's Queen slept, and Lord Love kissed her
breast

And bosom-blossoms rosy as the dawn;

His mouth the petals of her lips caressed;—

And roses, white and pink and red, were born.

LOVE'S TRINITY

A ROSE of love blooms in my soul for thee,
Whiter than these white roses that aspire
To swoon above thy heart, the deep-tuned lyre
Upon which Eros plays the symphony
Of a love-lyric sweet as life to me.
These pink blooms are two breast-dreams of desire;
The red, deep ruby-bosomed buds of fire;
All are the roses of love's trinity.

The pink and red will fade with youth's brief day,
But the soul-flower shall endure for aye,
The pledge and promise of eternal good;
White as its emblem, fragrant, fair, serene,
Pure as the earth-life of the Nazarene,
Or thine, my rose of stainless womanhood.

A LOVER'S TOAST

BEFORE I drink my love, dear love, to thee,
I kiss the cup, then plunge my soul therein;
Now change, so when thy sweet mouth pledges me
My soul shall enter heaven purged of sin.

CHATEAU YQUEM

THIS is the vine's soul and the grape's glad gold,
A sunbeam in solution, a calm sea
Of golden silence hoarding jealousy
In amber depths thought-pearls of manifold
Love rhapsodies. This yellow nectar old,
Whose subtle fire warmeth amorously
The heart's red wine, is vinted melody,
Fermented fragrance, liquid joy untold.

O my High Priestess, this is our love's wine,
Spilled blood of Amor for his eucharist—
And thou the celebrant—my heart with thine
Making communion—thy mouth's ruby cist
The chalice—lo! the topaz of the vine
Is transubstantiate since thy lips it kissed.

THE HOUSE OF JOY

LOVE vainly sought for Joy through endless space;
But Joy, with cunning and consummate art,
Had, by my Lady's sovereign act of grace,
A life-lease taken of her gentle heart.

LOVE-ABSENCE

WHEN thou art absent all life misses thee.
Love's sun, o'ercast, strives not to pierce the maze
Of grief-wrack, and my empty arms amaze
The darkness that they clasp so longingly.
Sear leaf and withered petal on Love's lea,
Dead blossoms on each path by which he strays.
Hushed the heart's music, sad the hymn of praise,
The soul-psalm changed to broken threnody.

Then memory fares forth in eager quest
Of jeweled moments spilt in affluence
Of time and joy—love's ardors and its calms;
Dole of close kisses (so Love giveth alms);
Rich bosom-treasures hoarded to the breast
That now aches dully in its exigence.

AMOR—DEITY

OMNIPOTENT, omniscient, without flaw,
The basic will around, beneath, above,
Through all. Crowned! Regnant! Lo! our God is Love,
And Love fulfilling of eternal Law.

A LOVER'S CREED

HOW shall a man by searching find out God? ”
Ah! I have sought amidst the panoply
Of gilded fanes where thousands bent the knee,
And surpliced priests with solemn beck and nod
The old faint paths of a dead faith retrod.
But, there and elsewhere, unavailing:
For me no mandate stilled the storm-swept sea,
No burning bush bade me approach unshod.

Yet must the craving of the human heart—
Adrift upon Life's ocean without chart—
To worship something find way for its will;
So I sought vainly through the years until
Love brought me to thy feet, and, kneeling there,
I found Love's God and to Her made my prayer.

IDOL-WORSHIP

RAPTURE of love, its strife and after-calm;
Bruise of fond lips and lips' repentant balm;
Adoring, searching senses—endless quest
Of love-evangels breathed from her sweet breast.

THE IDOL AND THE ALTAR

I HAVE an Idol and an altar-stone,
The Idol flawless as a fair, white pearl,
With soul-light lustrous, luminous with swirl
Of opalescent gleam, sweet tongued with tone,
Breeze-borne, of soft-blown heavenly saxophone,
Crowned with rich, fragrant tresses, whence one curl
Against her throat's warm ivory loves to furl—
Sweet with bewild'ring sweetness all her own!

In the groined temple of my inmost heart,
Behold my Love-God's altar and her shrine:
The face illumed above them, hers;—yet mine;—
The kneeling soul that worships, mine, but part
Of her, since I am hers, her very own
By right of godship on that altar-stone.

THE HEART'S CENSER

RED acolyte of Love,—Arch Priest and King,—
Breathe on the coals, let thy hot censer swing
Till, pure and high, burneth the sacred fire,
Sweet with frankincense of the soul's desire.

THE LOVE-PRAYER

O THOU to whom my spirit bends the knee,
To whom the incense of my heart doth rise,
To whom I lift adoring, rev'rent eyes,
Woman divine, Love-God, Divinity!
Hear now the prayer thy lover makes to thee,
Whom with his very breath he glorifies,
Soul of a sunbeam streaming from far skies
Where Love is law and Love's soul deity.

By wondrous miracle of love benign
Cast from my heart that heart's unworthiness,
Fill it with all a man's heart should possess—
Then take and keep it in thy heart's pure shrine!
Hold thou my spirit in thy sweet control,
And make it fit companion for thy soul.

LOVE-MUSIC

FROM vibrant heart-strings, pean, hymn and prayer
On swift-winged notes of song make earth and air
Thrill to love's list'ning soul with music's bloom
And rhythmic-petaled melody's perfume.

THE HEART'S HYMN

O WHITE, pure soul with never spot or taint,
Thou emanation from the Heart Divine
Which made thee woman and which made thee mine!
My lover-wife, my tender, dove-eyed saint,
The sweetness of thee makes my spirit faint
With joy's excess. I lift my soul to thine,
Oblation making of my heart's red wine
In adoration that defies constraint.

Soul of my soul, child-woman fond and fair,
Thou art life's fragrance and its bloom to me,
Its light, its color and its harmony,
Sunshine and star-sheen, vivifying air—
My priceless pearl of gracious womanhood,
Incarnate spirit of God's highest good.

LOVE'S HOPE

THE grave? Nay, fear it not: Love holds the key;
For Death is but Sleep's brother; and the pall
That drapes so darkly over each and all
Is love-raised curtain of futurity.

A LOVER'S PETITION

O NATURE, Mother, Goddess, hear my prayer!
This woman hath been joy's epitome
Unto my soul. She holds my life in fee.
From fragrant meshes of her warm, soft hair
To her dear feet, I love her everywhere,
And fain would shield her from the poignancy
Of one great grief she cannot bring to me,
One sorrow I may neither take nor share.

Spare her the pain of seeing my dead face,
Spare her the waiting and the agony
Of life bereft, of tears I cannot dry.
Take her, O Mother! in her trysting-place
Upon my heart. Then take my memory
And, out of sweet compassion, let me die.

THANATOPSIS

LOVE, broken-hearted, kissed Death's frozen lips,
Then listened for some sign, with bated breath.
Hope heard these words, "This is but life's eclipse;
The soul is quickened in embrace of Death."

IMMORTALITY

WHETHER Death find thee—as I pray he may—
Close-pillowed in my arms, and thy last sigh
Breathe on my mouth thy pure soul passing by:
Whether upon thy loving breast I lay
My tired head as life-fire fades to gray:
Whether together, or apart, we die;
We are of the immortals,—thou and I,—
And death but dawning of eternal day.

Whither thy heaven, there shall I find bliss;
Whither thou goest, there I, too, shall be;
Whether our souls be wed in love's last kiss;
Whether I go before, or follow thee;
Such love as ours is fear's antithesis,
Such love as ours is immortality.

LOVE'S APOTHEOSIS

DEAR, we are gods, and this—eternity!
Our souls have passed beyond death, time, and space,
Together cleaving in love's last embrace
To merge for aye into identity.



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